

# The Watauga Democrat.

Advertising Rates on Request.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BOONE, AND WATAUGA COUNTY.

\$1.00 Per Year

VOL. XXXII.

BOONE, WATAUGA COUNTY, N. C. THURSDAY FEBRUARY 10, 1921.

NO 16.

## REMINISCENCES.

### Personal Recollections of a Trip to Texas in Pioneer Days, and Some Incidents in Cow Boy Life in the West.

(By L. N. Perkins.)

About the time I thought I had my arrangements perfected to start to Missouri my plans were rudely shattered by a severe spell of sickness which the doctors pronounced spotted fever or congestion of the brain, a disease prevailing to some extent in that low, hot climate, and considered very dangerous and often times fatal. The mistake I made was going from the mountainous regions of Virginia, where I was raised, and stopping through dog days in that country of malaria and fever. I was fortunate in having the services of two eminent physicians who lived in a nearby town who succeeded in breaking the fever in three days time, but the fever left me very weak and it was a month or more before I was able to do much, which was hard on me as I was depending on my labor for money to travel on. But in a short time I was able to work. I helped Mr. Redford, who was closing out some business matters and needed help in making out accounts, collecting, etc. But as soon as I was able to work on the farm I went back to Mr. Hatcher, in fact, I made his house my home all the while. Soon after this time Mr. Hatcher informed me that he had decided to make a trip with his family to Texas. His wife had two brothers living not very far from Dallas who had been urging him to come to Texas and make some investments, if he did not wish to locate permanently in the country. Mr. Hatcher was worth about \$46,000, which, in those days, was considered some money, and his family consisted of wife and four children, ranging in age from two to twelve years. So they proposed to me if I would stay on with him, help him what I could and help his wife take care of the trip (he being a cripple), that he would pay my expenses and we would go together. It was then in the early fall, and as soon as he could wind up his business and market his tobacco we would make the start and try and get there before Christmas. He did not propose to sell his farm or much of his stock, but go on a pleasure trip and probably make business of it also. This was good news for me and I readily consented, and we went earnestly to work to accomplish the undertaking.

It was some time in November before we got ready to start, and the route selected was by rail to Memphis, Tenn., thence by steam boat to Shreveport, La., where we could again go by rail a short distance. At that time there was no railroad near North-west Texas, and most of the travel from east of the Mississippi river was by wagon or stage. We took the train at Clarksville, Tenn., a station on the road from Bowling Green, Ky., to Memphis. It was about sundown when we reached Memphis and we did not have any time that evening to look around for steam boat passage, so we went to a \$1.00 per day hotel and spent the night.

The next morning we went to boat landing to make enquiry about passage to Shreveport, and found there was no boat line either to Shreveport or mouth of mouth of Red river. At the latter place there was no boat landing or anything else, except the wa-

ter, so we were advised to take a boat to New Orleans as we could go there for the same money that would take us to Red river. There were several boats loading for New Orleans, but the one we selected was a large, new boat whose name was "The Southerner," and the fare to New Orleans was \$25.00 each, with half price for children, and this included room and board; so when our fare was paid no difference what length of time they made, we were at home with as good accommodations as we would have at any first class hotel. We were told that the boat would start that evening, and be some days on the trip.

So we moved our baggage, secured our rooms and paid our passage to the Crescent City before dinner. Then we had nothing to do but enjoy ourselves and wait for "The Southerner" to make a start, which she did about night. About the first stop below Memphis, the folding doors between the different rooms were thrown open which made a good sized auditorium, and a large party of fine looking ladies and gentlemen came on board, where a couple was married. Another couple had been married that evening and they were making their bridal trip on the water. This had been previously arranged between the parties and the steam boat men, but we knew nothing about it and it was a genuine surprise to us.

Soon after congratulations were over the string band came in consisting of three violins, two banjos, a flute, and a bass violin, all darkies, and we had music and dancing which was continued every night until we reached our destination. The most of the dancing was cotillions and the darkey who played the bass violin did the prompting. The music was fine and the crowd well behaved. There was an open saloon on the boat which was liberally patronized by both sexes, but I saw no one that seemed to be under the influence of whiskey. Our Kentucky party did not participate in the dancing so we were dignified spectators. The dancing and music was usually called off about 12 o'clock, except the last night; they continued until nearly day and to close it in good shape they danced several Old Virginia Reels, and the band played such pieces as Arkansas Traveler and Mississippi Sawyer.

The Southerner arrived in New Orleans sometime during the night and soon after breakfast we began to look out for conveyance to Shreveport. We soon found some boats that were preparing for the trip but most of them were small, dirty looking stern-wheel boats and they wanted \$30 fare to that point. Red River is a crooked narrow stream and large boats cannot navigate it. We finally found a respectable side-wheel boat and engaged passage for \$25, and soon transferred our baggage from the Southerner to that boat. We were told that the boat would not leave the landing until the next morning, but we could pay our passage and make ourselves at home, which we did. We then proceeded to see the sights in the city, taking good care to get back to the boat in time for our meals. The next morning we were told that it would be another day before they would be ready to start and we actually stayed three days before starting, which gave us a fine opportunity to look over the city. It cost us nothing but time, and that did not count much at that time as we were just there

## THE RICHEST MAN.

(Colliers)

From Pierce, Nebraska, comes an editorial on "Riches," by Edward J. Meyers, the town blacksmith.

He didn't know he was writing an editorial. He thought he was writing a letter. We pass it along, exactly as received, as a letter to everybody:

"I wonder if you know that the richest man in the world lives 14 miles North of Norfolk, right here in Pierce? That man is the writer. I am just a common 'plug blacksmith' but I am rich."

"I go to my shop each morning and work until noon, go home to dinner, return at one, and work until six o'clock. I enjoy the best of all blessings, good health."

"There is an old man in New York who would give all he possesses in money and holdings for my stomach, but he can't have it."

"With every job of work I turn out I feel I have done my customer a service worthy of my pay."

"I have a wonderful little wife. She has stuck to me twenty-two years, so I know she must be a dandy to accomplish that."

"I have a little home, a beautiful little daughter, a sun grown to maturity and now in life's game for himself."

"Rich? Why man alive, who can possibly be richer."

"Then, to add to the above riches, I take my shotgun in season and ramble through the fields, woods and tangle in search of the cottontail, teal and mallard, with my faithful old pointer at 'heel' (now past 11 years old), and he is as happy as I on the hunt. Then, when I get back how good everything does taste."

"Then, when night has settled over this good old universe, I sit down in a good old easy chair, enjoy a smoke, and then roll into bed and never hear a sound until the beautiful break of another day."

"Rich did you say? Well, I guess. Dollars? Not many. You inquired about riches, not material wealth."

"The height of my ambition is to live so that I may have no regrets for having lived when the time comes for me to shuffle off this mortal coil, and I hope by that time to have acquired just enough dollars that myself and mine may not be objects of charity."

"This, then, is my ideal of a rich man. If anyone enjoys life more than I do, he is to be envied for riches."

"With kindest regards,  
"EDWARD J. MEYERS."

for the trip anyway.

On the fourth morning after our arrival we got started and had an uneventful trip of four or five days duration till we reached the city of Shreveport, where we landed and soon took the only railroad in the place for Marshall, Texas, a distance of 40 miles from the boat landing. Arriving at that place we found that we were still one hundred and fifty miles from our destination, and no means of transportation, not even a stage line. Mr. Hatcher and his party were bound for Denton County where their relatives lived and I was bound for Fort Worth where I had two uncles living, one of whom was in the same company that I served in during the war. So we secured a good boarding place a short distance from the town till we could find some means of conveyance to Dallas.

[To be continued]

## WAYS OF CARRYING MONEY.

It is interesting to note the various methods in which men of different nationalities carry their worldly wealth. The Englishman carries gold, silver and copper all loose in his trousers' pocket, pulls out a handful of the mixture in an opulent way and selects the coin he needs.

The American carries his 'wad of bills' or his 'roll' in a long, narrow pocket book in which the green backs lie flat. The Frenchman makes use of a leather purse with no disguising characteristics. The German uses one embroidered in silks by the hands of his wife or sweetheart.

The half civilized capitalist from some torrid South American city, carries his dollars in a belt with cunningly devised pockets, to baffle the gentleman with the light fingers. Some of these belts are very expensive.

The Italian of the poorer classes ties up his little fortune in a gaily colored handkerchief secured with many knots, which he secretes in some mysterious way about his clothes.

A similar course has charms for the Spaniard, while the Pole exhibits a preference for his boots or the lining of his clothes as a hiding place for his savings.

Everybody knows where women carry theirs.—Charleston Courier.

## Mrs. Sarah Jane Hodges.

Sister Sarah Jane Hodges, better known as Aunt Jane, was born August 11, 1830, and was 90 years, 5 months and 6 days old when death claimed her. She was married to Martin Harrison in the year 1849, and to this happy union were born five children, three boys and two girls. Sister Mrs. Hodges had five children, 29 grand children and eighty great grand children and four great, great grand children, making a total of 119. She was the last of the family of Nathaniel Critcher.

Deceased professed faith in Christ in the year 1843 and joined Three Forks Baptist church in 1846, where she remained a member until 1868 when she moved her letter to Mount Vernon church, where she remained a member until her death.

In the year 1871 her dear husband died and left her alone until 1874, when she was married to Mr. Jack Hodges, and they lived together until March 10th, 1885, when he died. She has since lived with her children, other relatives and friends; the most of the time being spent with her niece, Mrs. H. G. Cook, at whose home she died.

Aunt Jane always had a kind word for every one she met. She was ill only five days, from Jan. 13 to 18th, when she passed to her reward, and on the 19th she was laid in the grave to await the resurrection.

She lived a life that all who knew her might do well to live by. She will be missed at home and at the church, where she was always at her post when her health would permit.

"Dearest sister, you have left here my loss we deeply feel. But 'tis God who hath bereft us; He can all our sorrows heal."

H. G. COOK.

## WATCH REPAIRING!

Done under a positive guarantee. Jewelry repaired. Estimates furnished on all mail orders. Satisfaction warranted. Office back of Watauga Bank.

J. W. BRYAN, Jeweler,  
BOONE, N. C.

## Money for Education.

Educational interests will be encouraged over the information that the General Education Board of the Rockefeller Foundation will this year have an increase of \$70,000,000 in its resources, and particularly in the further information that \$50,000,000 of this increase is due for distribution among colleges and universities for addition to teachers' salaries. The remainder—\$20,000,000—goes to improvement to medical education. The General Education Board expended last year nearly \$400,000 in advancement of rural and secondary education in the South. As much as \$1,000,000 was divided between four negro educational institutions in the shape of endowments, \$120,000 having been apportioned to teachers' salaries, while six negro colleges divided \$153,000 toward a total of \$185,000 for improvements in their plants. Negro education benefited through the year by a total appropriation of \$2,201,737.—Charlotte Observer.

## Who Am I? What Is My Mission?

I am more powerful than the combined armies of earth.

I have destroyed more men than wars of nations.

I have wrecked more homes than siege guns.

I steal annually in the United States over THREE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS.

My victims are among all classes, rich, poor, learned and ignorant, widows and orphans know me.

I massacre thousands upon thousands each year as they work for bread.

I am silent, lurk at times and again stalk abroad.

Everybody knows me; millions have felt my blow.

I am relentless, everywhere to crush, kill, maim, take every farthing and return nothing.

I am never alone, humanity is my companion.

I inspire mania for hazard.

My name is CARELESSNESS.

## NOTICE OF LAND SALE.

Sallie Earp et al, vs. Rebecca Earp and Coy Earp.

Under and by virtue of an order of the court made in the above entitled action for partitioning the proceeds of said sale; in which I, the undersigned, was appointed Commissioner to make said sale, and will expose, to sale at the court house door in Boone N. C., on Monday, the 7th day of March, 1921, the same being the first Monday in March, to the highest bidder the following described tract of land in Watauga county, North Carolina, adjoining the lands of T. H. Taylor, I. C. Earp, Sr., Richard Walls and others and bounded as follows: Beginning on a small tame cherry tree and running west about 18 poles to a small chestnut, T. H. Taylor's corner; thence south 10d. west, 23 poles to a chestnut oak on top of a rock; thence S. 27d. W. with I. C. Earp's, Sr. line, crossing the public road and a branch 50 poles to a small white oak on the top of a grave yard hill; thence S. 75d. E. 9 1-2 poles to a stake; thence S. 33d. E. with the top of the ridge passing by the grave yard 16 poles to a large chestnut at the corner of the grave yard; thence S. 75d. east 10 poles to a chestnut on top of the grave yard ridge; thence S. 81d. E. to the public road; thence with said road to Isaac N. Minton's beginning corner; thence a north course with said Minton's line to the beginning and containing 30 acres, more or less. The one-half acre containing the Baird's Creek school house is hereby excepted from the above bounded tract of sale as follows: One-third cash; one-third on six months; and one-third on twelve months time. Feb. 4, 1921.

R. A. ADAMS, Commissioner.

## Bed Spreads Wanted.

The Hanwork Shop, Poughkeepsie, New York, wants nicely made bed spreads in the following designs: Bowl of Roses, Swinging Basket, Mountain Lily, Bamboo Briar, Wandering Vine, Sweet Briar Rose, Snowball, Bird and Tree, Hickory Leaf, Wild Cucumber and Bowknot and Thistle. Payment made in a very short time. Dec. 11.

FOR SALE: Frost Proof Cabbage plants, 500 \$1.50; 1,000, \$2.50, post paid. 1,000 \$2.00; 10,000, \$1.50 per 1,000. Express collect. Kinsey Wholesale Plant Co., Virdosta, Georgia.



## Time to Build?

Will this Spring be a good time to build? For the past few years lumber and labor have been prohibitively high; we have got along with the buildings we had. But we are getting crowded. Shall we remedy the situation this Spring? asks Mr. McMahon, in

## The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Then he goes into the question from every point of view. He tells why prices of building materials have been high; he prophesies this Spring's market conditions; he answers your urgent question: Build now or wait?

This series is typical of the way in which THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN anticipates the needs of the American farmer. For every farm interest it offers just such "ahead-of-the-minute" service. Because the vision of this great weekly is as broad as all agriculture, it can do more than tell what has been done or is being done in your business; it can prophesy progress. It can warn of the causes of price changes before they occur. A single dollar buys THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN for a whole year—52 big, snappy issues of it. It's a great bargain—I know because I read it every week. If you want your copy to begin coming next week, be sure to rush me your dollar today.

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